

# LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 1, 1834.

No. 27.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

## FAIRIES.

THE word *Fairy*, in the sense of a little miniature being, is peculiar to this country, and is a southern appellation applied to a northern idea. It is the *Fee* and *Fata* of the French and Italians; who mean by it an imaginary lady of any sort, not of necessity small, and generally of the human size. With us, it is the *Elf* of our northern ancestors, and means exclusively the little creature inhabiting the woods and caverns, and dancing on the grass.

The progress of knowledge, which humanizes everything, and enables our fancies to pick and choose, has long rendered the English fairy a harmless being, rarely seen of eye, and known quite as much, if not more, through the pleasant fancies of the poets, than the earthier creed of the common people. In Germany also, the Fairy is said to have become a being almost entirely benevolent. But among our kinsmen of the north, the Swedes and Danes, and especially the insular races of Iceland and Rügen, the old opinions appear to be in force; and, generally speaking, the pigmy world may be divided into four classes.

First, the White or Good Fairies, who live above ground, dancing on the grass, or sitting on the leaves of trees—the Fairy of our poets. They are fond of sun-shine, and are ethereal little creatures.

Second, the Dark or Under-ground Fairies (the Dwarfs, Trolls, and Hill-folk of the continent), an irritable race, workers in mines and smithies, and doing good or evil offices, as it may happen.

Third, the House or Homestead Fairy, our Puck, Robin Goodfellow, Hobgoblin, &c. (the *Nis* of Denmark and Norway, the *Kobold* of Germany, the *Brownie* of Scotland, and *Tomtegubbe*, or *Old Man of the House* in Sweden). He is of a similar temper, but good upon the whole, and fond of cleanliness, rewarding and helping the servants for being tidy, and punishing them for the reverse.

And fourth, the Water-Fairy, the Kelpie of Scotland, and Nick, Neck, Nickel, Nickar, and Nix, of other countries, the most dangerous of all, appearing like a horse, or a mermaid, or a beautiful girl, and enticing people to their destruction. He is supposed by some, however, not to do it out of ill-will, but in order to procure companions in the spirits of those who are drowned.

All the Fairies have qualities in common; and for the most part, eat, drink, marry, and are governed like human beings; and all without exception are thieves, and fond of power. In other words, they are like the human beings that invented them. They do the same good and ill offices, are subject to the same passions, and are called *guid folk* and *good neighbours*, out of the same feelings of fear or gratitude. The better sort dress in gay clothes of green, and are handsome; the more equivocal are ugly, big-nosed little knaves, round-eyed and hump-backed, like Punch, or the figures in caricatures. The latter dress in red or brown caps, which they have a great dread of losing, as they must not rest till they get another; and the *Hill-folk* among them are great enemies to noise. They keep their promises, because if they did not, the Rügen people say they would be changed into reptiles, beetles, and other ugly creatures, and be obliged to wander in that shape many years. The ordinary German *Kobold*, or *House Goblin*, delights in a mess of

grits or water gruel, with a lump of butter in it. In other countries, as in England of old, he aspires to a cream bowl. Hear our great poet, who was as fond of a rustic supper as any man, and has recorded his roasting chestnuts with his friend Diodati.

Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
With stories told of many afeat,  
How faery Mab the junkets eat;  
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she sed;  
And he, by friar's lantern led;  
Tells how the drudging Goblin swet,  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,  
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn,  
That ten day-labourers could not end;  
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,  
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,  
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;  
And crop-ful out of door he flings,  
Ere the first cock his matin rings.  
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,  
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

This *gigantifying* of Robin Goodfellow is a sin against the true Fairy religion; but a poet's sins are apt to be too agreeable not to be forgiven.\* The friar with his lantern, is the same Robin, whose pranks he delighted to record even amidst the stately solemnities of *Paradise Lost*,—philosophizing upon the nature of the *Ignis Fatuus*, that he might have an excuse for bringing him in.

Lead then, said Eve. He, leading, swiftly roll'd  
In tangles, and made intricate seem straight,  
To mischief swift. Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering fire,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold environs round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends,  
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way  
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool;  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.  
So glister'd the dire Snake.

We have remarked more than once, that the belief in supernatural existences round about us is indigenous to every country, and as natural as fears and hopes. Climate and national character modify it; parts of it may be borrowed; a people may abound in it at one time, and outgrow the abuse of it in another; but wherever human nature is to be found, either in state of superstitious ignorance, or of imaginative knowledge, there the belief will be found with it, modified accordingly.

We shall not trouble ourselves, therefore, with attempting to confine the origin of the Fairies to this or that region. A bird, a squirrel, a voice, a tree nodding and gesticulating in the wind, was sufficient to people every one of them with imaginary beings. But creeds may oust creeds or alter them, as invaders alter a people; and there are two circumstances in the nature of the popular Fairy, assignable to that northern mythology, to which the belief itself has

\* 'Robin Goodfellow,' says Warton, 'who is here made a gigantic spirit, fond of lying before the fire, and called the lubbar-fiend, seems to be confounded with the sleepy giant mentioned in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Act iii, Sc. 1, vol. vi, p. 411, edit. 1751. There is a pretty tale of a witch that had the devil's mark about her, God bless us, that had a giant to her son that was called "Lob-lye-by-the-fire." Todd's *Milton*, vol. vi, p. 96. Burton, in a passage subsequently quoted, tells us, in speaking of these fairies, that there is "a bigger kind of them, called with us Hob-goblins and Robin Goodfellow, that would in those superstitious times grinde corne for a messe of milke, cut wood, or do any manner of drudgery worke." Melanch. part i, sec. 2, p. 42, edit. 1632. The lassiness arose probably out of the super-human labour; but, though Milton has made fine use of the lubbar-fiend with his "hairy strength," it is surprising he should have sacrificed the greater wonder of the little potent fairy to that of a giant.'

been traced: we mean, the smallness of its stature, and the supposition at one time prevailing, that it was little better than a devil. It is remarkable also, that inasmuch as the northern mythology is traceable to the Eastern invaders of Europe, our Fairies may have issued out of those same mountains of Caucasus, the great Kaf, to which we are indebted for the *Peries* and *Genii*. The Pygmies were supposed by the ancients to people the two ends of the earth, northern and southern, where the growth of nature was faint and stunted. In the north they were inhabitants of India, the cranes their enemies being Scythians: in the other quarters, they were found by Hercules in the desert, where they assailed him with their bows and arrows, as the Lilliputians did Gulliver, and were carried off by the smiling demigod, in the skin of his lion. Odin, the supposed Scythian or Tartar, is thought to have been the importer of the northern fables. His wandering countrymen, of the crane region, may have a higher personal acquaintance with the little people of the north, than is supposed. In the tales now extant among the Calmuc Tartars, and originating it seems in Thibet, mention is made of certain little children encountered by a wandering Khan in a wood, and quarrelling about "an invisible cup." The Khan tricks them of it in good swindling style; and proceeding onwards meets with certain *Tchakurs* or evil spirits, quarrelling about some "boots of swiftness," of which he beguiles them in like manner.\*

These may be chance coincidences; but these fictions are not of so universal a nature as most; and we cannot help regarding them as corroborations of the Eastern rise of our fablers of the north. We take this opportunity, before we proceed, of noticing another remarkable circumstance in the history of popular fictions; which is, that it is doubtful whether the Greeks had any little beings in their mythology. They regarded the Pygmies as a real people, and never seem to have thought of giving them a lift into the supernatural. And it may be observed, that although the Spaniards have a house-spirit which they call *Duende*, and Tasso, in the fever of his dungeon, was haunted with a *Folletto*, which is the *Follet* or *Lutin* of the French, it does not appear that these southern spirits are of necessity small; still less have those sunny nations any embodied system of fairyism. Their Fairies are the enchantresses of romance. Little spirits appear to be of the country of little people, commented on by their larger neighbours. It is true that little shapes and shadows, are seen in all countries: but the general tendency of fear is to magnify. Particular circumstances must have created a spirit a once petty and formidable.

We are of opinion, with the author of the *Fairy Mythology*, that the petty size of the household idols of antiquity argues nothing conclusive respecting the size of the beings they represented. Besides, they were often large as well as small, though the more domestic of them, or those that immediately presided over the hearth, were of a size suitable to convenience. The domestic idols of all nations have probably been small, for the like reason.

\* See an excellent article in the "Quarterly Review," entitled *Antiquities of Nursery Literature*. Of similar merit and probably by the same hand (which we presume to be that of Mr Southey) is another on the *Popular Mythology of the Middle Ages*. We cannot refer to the volume, our copy happening to form part of a selection which we made some years ago from a bundle of the two reigning *Reviews*.

Whether the Lares were supposed to be of greater stature or not by the learned, it is not impossible that the constant sight of the little images generated a corresponding notion of the originals. The best argument against the smallness of these divinities is, that there is no mention of it in books; and yet the only passage we remember to have met with, implying any determinate notion of stature, is in favour of the little. We here give it, out of an old and not very sage author.

"After the victory had and gotten against the Gethes, the Emperor Domitian caused many shewes and triumphs to be made, in signe and token of joy; and amongst others hee invited publickly to dine with him, all sorts of persons, both noble and un noble, but especially the Senators and Knights of Rome, to whom he made a feast in this fashion. Hee had caused a certaine house of al sides to bee painted black, the pavement thereof was black, so likewise were the hangings, or seatlings, the roofer and the wals also black; and within it hee had prepared very low room, not unlike a hollow vault or cell, ful of empie siedges or seats. Into this place he caused the Senators and Knights, his ghests, to be brought, without suffering any of their pages or attendants to enter in with them. And first of all he caused a little square piller to be set near to every one of them, upon the which was written the partie's name sitting next it; by which there hanged also a lamp burning before each seat, in such sort as is used in sepulchers. After this, there comes into this melancholike and dark place a number of yong pages, with great joy and merriment, starke naked, and spotted or painted all over with a die or colour as blacke as inke: who, resembling these spirits called *Manes*, and such like idols, did leape and skip round about those Senators and Knights, who, at this unexpected accident, were not a little frighted and afraid. After which, those pages set them down at their feete, against each of them one, and there stayed, whilst certaine other persons (ordayned there of purpose) did execute with great solemnity all those ceremonys that were usually fit and requisite at the funeralls and exequies of the dead. This done, there came in others, who brought and served in, in black dishes and platters, divers meats and viands, all coloured black, in such sort that there was not any one in the place but was in great doubt what would become of him, and thought himself utterly undone, supposing he should have his throat cut, only to give pleasure and content to the Emperour. Besides, there was kept the greatest silence that could be imagined. And Domitian himself being present, did nothing else but (without ceasing) speake and talke unto them of murthers, death, and tragedies. In the end, the Emperour having taken his pleasure of them at the full, he caused their pages and lackies, which attended them without the gates, to come in unto them, and so sent them away home to their own houses, some in coches, others in horseslitters, guided and conducted by strange and unknown persons, which gave them as great cause of fear as their former entertainment. And they were no sooner arrived everyone to his own house, and had scant taken breath from the feare they had conceived, but that one of their servants came to tell them, that there were at the gates certaine which came to speake with them from the Emperour. God knows how this message made them stirre what excessive lamentations they made, and with how exceeding feares they were perplexed in their minds; there was not any, no, not the hardiest of them all, but thought that hee was sent for to be put to death. But to make short, those which were to speake with them from the Emperour, came to no other purpose but to bring them either a little piller of silver, or some such like vessel or piece of plate (which had beeene set before them at the time of their entertainment); after which, everyone of them had also sent unto him, for a present from the Emperour, one of those pages that had counterfeyted those *Manes* or Spirits at the banquet, they being first washed and cleansed before they were presented unto them."

Spirits of old could become small; but we read of none that were essentially little except the fairies. It was a Rabbinical notion, that angelical beings could render themselves as small as they pleased; a fancy of which Milton has not scrupled to avail himself in his *Pandemonium*.\* It was proper enough to the idea of a being made of thought or fire; though one would think it was easier to make it expand like the genius when let loose, than be contracted into the jar or vial in the first instance. But if spirits went in and out of crevices, means, it was thought, must be taken to enable them to do so; and this may serve to account for the fairies themselves,

\* Milton's reduction of the size of his angels is surely a superfluity, and diminishes the grandeur of their meeting. It was one of the rare instances (theology apart) in which his learning betrayed his judgment.

in countries were other circumstances disposed the fancy to create them; but all the attributes of the little northern beings, its petty stature, its workmanship, its superiority to men in some things, its simplicity and inferiority in others, its supernatural practices, and the doubt entertained by its believers whether it is in the way of salvation, conspire, we think, to render the opinion of M. Mallet in his *Northern Antiquities*\* extremely probable; viz. that the character of the fairy has been modified by the feelings entertained by our Gothic and Celtic ancestors respecting the little race of the Laplanders, a people whom they despised for their timid peacefulness, and yet could not help admiring for their industry, and fearing for their *magic*.

In the *Edda*, or northern Pantheon, the dwarfs are described as a species of beings bred in the dust of the earth, like maggots in a carcase. "It was indeed," says the *Edda*, "in the body of the Giant Ymer, that they were engendered and first began to move and live. At first they were only worms; but by order of the gods, they at length partook both of human shape and reason; nevertheless, they always dwell in subterranean caverns and among rocks."

Upon this passage, M. Mallet says (under correction of his translator) "We may discover here one of the effects of that ignorant prejudice, which hath made us for so many years regard all arts and handicrafts as the occupation of mean people and slaves. Our Celtic and Gothic ancestors, whether Germans, Scandinavians, or Gauls, imagining there was something magical, and beyond the reach of man in mechanic skill and industry, could scarcely believe that an able artist was one of their own species, or descended from the same common origin. This, it must be granted, was a very foolish conceit; but let us consider what might possibly facilitate the entrance of it in their minds. There was perhaps some neighbouring people, which bordered upon the Celtic or Gothic tribes; and which, although less warlike than themselves, and much inferior in strength and stature, might yet excel them in dexterity; and addicting themselves to the manual arts, might carry on commerce with them, sufficiently extensive to have the fame of it spread pretty far. All these circumstances will agree well enough with the Laplanders, who are still as famous for their magic, as remarkable for the lowness of their stature; pacific even to degree of cowardice, but of a mechanic industry which formerly must have appeared very considerable. The stories that were invented concerning this people, passing through the mouths of so many ignorant relations, would soon acquire all the degrees of the marvellous, of which they were susceptible. Thus the dwarfs soon became (as all know, who have dipt but a little into the ancient romances) the forgers of enchanted armour, upon which neither swords nor conjurations could make any impression. They were possessed of caverns, full of treasure intirely at their own disposal. This, to observe by the by, hath given birth to one of the cabalistic doctrines, which is perhaps only one of the branches of the ancient northern theology. As the dwarfs were feeble, and but of small courage, they were supposed to be crafty, full of artifice and deceit. This, which in the old romances is called *disloyalty*, is the character always given of them in those fabulous narratives. All these fancies having received the seal of time and universal consent, could be no longer contested, and it was the business of the poets to assign a fit origin for such ungracious beings. This was done in their pretended rise from the dead carcass of a great giant. The dwarfs at first were only the maggots, engendered by its putrefaction: afterwards the gods bestowed upon them understanding and cunning. By this fiction the northern warriors justified their contempt of them; and at the same time accounted for their small stature, their industry, and for their supposed propensity for inhabiting caves and clefts of the rocks. After all, the notion is not everywhere exploded, that there are in the bowels of the earth Fairies, or a kind of dwarfish and tiny beings, of human shape, remarkable for their riches, their industry, and their malevolence. In many countries of the north, the people are still firmly persuaded of their existence. In Ireland, at this day, the good folks shew the very rocks and hills, in which they maintain that there are swarms of these small subterranean men, of the most tiny size, but most delicate figures.

When Christianity came into the north, these little people, who had formed part of the national faith, were converted by the ordinary process into devils; but the converts could never heartily enter into the notion. Accordingly in spite of the endeavours of the clergy (which it is said, have been more or less exerted in vain to this day), a sort of half and

\* *Northern Antiquities*, translated from Monsieur Mallet's *Introduction à l'Histoire de Danemark*, &c. vol. ii. p. 42.

half case was made out for them; and the inhabitants of several northern countries are still of opinion that elves may be saved, and that it is cruel to tell them otherwise. An author quoted in the *Fairy Mythology*, (vol. i. p. 136,) has a touching theory on this subject. We are informed in that work, "that the common people of Sweden and thereabouts believe in an intermediate class of elves who, when they shew themselves, have a handsome human form, and the idea of whom is connected with a deep feeling of melancholy, as if bewailing a half-quenched hope of redemption." — "Azfelius is of opinion," says a note on the passage, "that the superstition on this point is derived from the time of the introduction of Christianity into the north, and expresses the sympathy of the first converts with their forefathers, who died without a knowledge of the Redeemer, and lay bound in heathen earth, and whose unhappy spirits were doomed to wander about these lower regions, or sigh within their mounds, till the great day of redemption."

Our old prose writers scarcely ever mention the Fairies without letting us see how they were confounded with devils, and yet distinguished from them. "Terrestrial devils," says Burton, "are those Lares, Genii, Faunes, Satyrs, Wood-nymphs, Folios, Fairies, *Robin Goodfellowes*, &c. which as they are most conversant with men, so do they the most harm. Some think it was they alone that kept the heathen people in awe of old, and had so many idols and temples erected to them. Of this range was *Dagon* among the Philistines, *Bel* among the Babylonians, *Astarte* among the Sydonians, *Baal* among the Samaritans, *Isis* and *Osiris* among the Egyptians, &c. Some put our Fairies into this rank, which have been in former times adored with much superstition, with sweeping their houses, and setting of a pail of water, good victuals, and the like, and then they should not be pinched, but find money in their shoes, and be fortunate in their enterprises. These are they that dance on greens and heaths, as *Lavater* thinks with *Tritemius*, and as *Olaus Magnus* adds, leave that green circle which commonly we find in plains and fields, which others hold to proceed from a meteor falling, or some accidental rankness of the ground; so *Nature* sports herself; they are sometimes seen by old women and children. *Hieron Pauli*, in his description of the city of *Bereino* (in Spain), relates how they have been familiarly seen near that town, about fountains and hills. *Giraldus Cambrensis* gives instance in a monk in Wales that was so deluded. *Paracelsus* reckons up many places in *Germany*, where they do usually walk in little courts some two foot long."

"Our mothers' maids have so frayed us," says gallant *Reginald Scot*, "with Bul-beggars, Spirits, Witches, Urchens, Elves, Hags, Fairies, Satyrs, Pans, Fauns, Syrens, Kit with the Caustric, Tritons, Centaurs, Dwarfs, Giants, Imps, Calcarous, Conjurers, Nymphs, Changelings, *Incubus*, *Robin Goodfellowes*, the Spoon, the Mare, the Man in the Oak, the Hell-wain, the Fire-drake, the Puckle, Tom Thumb, Hobgoblin, Tom Tumbler, Boneless,\* and other such Bugs, that we are afraid of our own shadows: insomuch that some never fear the devil but in a dark night; and then a polled sheep is a perilous beast, and many times is taken for our Father's soul, especially in a churchyard, where a right hardy man heretofore scant durst pass by night but his hair would stand upright."†

In consequence of this opinion in the popular Mythology, the merry and human-like Fairies during a degrading portion of the history of Europe, were made tools of, in common with all that was thought diabolical, to worry and destroy thousands of miserable people; but it is more than pleasant, it is deeply interesting to an observer, to see what an instinctive impulse there is in human beings to resist

\* There is a personage in Eastern history, who appears to have been of kin to this grim phenomenon. He was a sorcerer of the name of *Setteiah*. He is described as having his head in his bosom, and as being destitute of bone in every part of his body, with the exception of his skull and the ends of his fingers. It was only when he was in a rage that he could sit up, anger having the effect of swelling him; but he could at no time be made to stand on his feet. When it was necessary to move him from place to place, they folded him like a mantle; and when there was occasion to consult him in the exercise of his profession, it was the practice to roll him backwards and forwards on the floor, like a churning-skin, till the answer was obtained. See Major Price's *Essay towards the History of Arabia antecedent to the Birth of Mohammed*, p. 196.

† The list of the unclean spirits in Middleton's tragic comedy of the *Witch*, is closely copied from the passage in *Reginald Scot*. — See the Speech of *Hecate*.  
Urchins, elves, hags, satyres, pans, fauns, silence. Kit with the candlestick; tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, imps, The spoon, the mare, the man i' th' oak, the hellwain. The fire-drake, the puckle.

the growth of the worst part of superstition, and vindicate nature and natural piety. Do but save mankind from taking intolerance for God's will, and exalting the impatience of being differed with into a madness, and you may trust to the natural good-humour of the best of their opinions, for as favourable a view as possible of all with which they can sympathise. Even their madness in that respect is but a perversion of their natural wish to be liked and agreed with. The first thing that men found out in behalf of the Fairies, was that they were a good deal like themselves: the next was to think well of them upon the whole, rather than ill: and when Reginald Scot and others helped us out of this cloud of folly about witchcraft, the Fairies became brighter than before. In England, the darker notions of them almost entirely disappeared with the bigotries in church and state; and at the call of the poets, they came and adorned the books that had done them service, and became synonymous with pleasant fancies.

This subject will be concluded next week.

#### BALLAD SINGERS.

To the Editor of the London Journal.

I KNOW of no object that makes me more melancholy than "Ballad Singers." Many and many a time have I stood and contemplated an individual, or a group of them, till my heart ached; and quite as often have I hurried past them, absolutely dreading the feelings they would create. In the world there is not a being more in love with song than I am—of song, that outflowing of the spirit, in which unassisted words are too weak to express all the heart feels; that divine voice which Burns sought for and found in the lovely scenes of nature, in the murmuring stream, the air-waved trees, the warble of birds, nay, in the springing flower, the dew-spangled herbage; that refined feeling which, floating on the breath of melody to the heart of hearts, carries with it a power to awaken some of the purest and most exalted sensations our being is capable of. The force of poetry, of painting, of eloquence, is great; but, clothe the beauty of verse in the appropriate notes of melody, and nothing can exceed the stirring of the best elements within us. We ascribe song to the angels; we believe it to be the most acceptable mode of addressing the Deity; and the history of the world shews its various people breathing their most ennobling feelings, whether of devotion, love, or patriotism, in the shape of song.

And of all songs I love a ballad—the delightful mixture of sense with melody, which, passing through the ear to the heart, not only conveys pleasure of the most thrilling kind, but leaves us in that mood best suited to the exercise of individual friendship, or good-will to our fellow men. And yet nothing inspires me with a more melancholy feeling than the sight of Ballad Singers. It is not that their notes are "out of tune and harsh;" it is not the vulgar twang that affects me; these only reach and offend my ear—'tis the singers—'tis the ideas I attach to song that distress me. I see a poor, emaciated woman, with such remains of beauty as tell me she once might be deemed, by some happy lover, "fairest of the fair." I think of the hours in which she first exercised that talent by which she is now endeavouring to gain a morsel of bread to support her attenuated frame, or perhaps some disabled husband or sick child. I think of the delight with which her parents hailed the first attempts of a voice still good—of the applause that attended her song in her cheerful family meetings as she grew up—of the blush that mantled on her brow when first pressed to sing before the youth she most wished to please; and now, I see the downcast look, the labouring breast, the pallid cheek; and I hear the notes falling like drops of lead,—heavy, dull, trembling; the voice attempts to sing, but the heart is frozen, the music will not flow!

I once stood and listened to a street Ballad Singer of this, or rather of a superior kind, till I fancied I could trace her very history through all its windings; from its bright, sparkling start into light at its

pure source, till its arrival at its melancholy "slough of Despond."

She was tall, with noble features, a dark complexion, and the largest hazel-eye I ever saw; or, perhaps, it was her wasted cheek that made it appear so—her mass of coal-black hair was immense. Her voice was sound, rich and full, and the depression of spirits under which she evidently laboured, to me, gave additional effect to the ballad she was singing. It was Carter's "O Nanny, wilt thou gang wi' me;" and never did I hear that most beautiful of all ballads better sung. But I would not hear her again! Her language was good, nay polished; her expression shewed not only a feeling heart, but a cultivated understanding. "Poor girl! Poor girl!" I exclaimed, as I turned from her; "sad has been thy fall; but thou art like the fabled Philomela, thou art melodious even after ruin!"

I walked on briskly, as if to get rid of the feelings she had raised; but it would not do: the melancholy fall of her full eye, the tones of her voice which, though rich, flowed with no free course, still possessed me.

I had passed on, upon her coming to the

"And when thy own true love shall die,"

absolutely fearing that her singing of that fine verse would make a fool of me in the public street. "Perhaps," said I, "thou wast born of gentle blood, thy mind has been cultivated, thy very air tells of better days." Fancy was awakened, and ere I got home, had painted her history. Her life, compared with her present state, appeared like the dancing of some bright stream on into the Dead Sea! Methought I saw her on her father's lawns, sporting in the frolic of childhood, listening to the warblers of the blooming shrubs, and soon endeavouring to vie with them in their wood-notes wild. I fancied the nascent talent observed and cultivated. I saw her grow up the pride of her mother, the paragon of her musical instructor, and the delight of the drawing-room. More than that, I saw the open window, still so nearly darkened by the intruding honey-suckle as almost to exclude the glimpses of the moon; and I heard the rich, round melody of her voice come gushing from amidst the flowers, and the song was love, and the a: of love encircled her waist, and the ear of love drank in intoxicating draughts of rapture! And now, the stately form was bent; the eye, though still beautiful, was like arch-angel fallen, shorn of its beams; and that voice which had made her pride, though yet breathing melody, came forth with an effort which said that the song sprang not from the heart. I shall never forget her Madonna face, nor her voice; and never since has Lord Herbert's kind compliment to the beautiful nun appeared extravagant.

The vulgar herd of singing sailors,—sailors who, in the words of Dibdin, never "knew stem from the stern of the ship,"—are not my Ballad Singers; their bellowing and state of demi-nudity make no impression upon me; but there is yet another class, which, though perhaps equally impostors with these, I never listen to without pain. I mean the poor children, who, encircling some tattered man or woman, join with their treble voices in the tuneless ditty. There was a wretched man who sang about the streets of London for years, with a dreadfully hollow voice, appearing to rise from a stomach to which food had long been a stranger, who was always surrounded by half a dozen of the poorest squallid little creatures; and yet they sang, or attempted to sing with all their might, though their cheeks were pinched by famine, and their uncovered little toes were smarting with the cold mud of the street. Reader! if thou hast, like me, some little darling Ellen, whose prattle sounds in thine ear like sweetest melody, O never pass such a group with closed hands! They may be hired, they may be impostors, but they are children, they are helpless, and they look hungry!

W. R.

#### AN AGED POET AND HIS YOUNG ENTHUSIAST.

[From the "Characteristics of Goethe," translated by Mrs. Austen.]

WHEN Pope was a boy, he was taken, at his desire, to "have a look" at Dryden, and was gratified accordingly, by having his illustrious predecessor shewn to him as he sat in a coffee-house. One cannot help regretting that the old poet could not have been made aware of the young one. A similar feeling comes over us in reading the following letter, for though there is perhaps a little overconsciousness in it, and protestations of self-insignificance hardly natural, it is difficult not to expect that the writer will turn out an eminent man.

"With what animation and enthusiasm Goethe's aspect, (says the furnisher of the letter), even at a very advanced period of his life, inspired the young, may be seen in the following very remarkable letter of a boy of sixteen:—

‘Weimar, February 22, 1822.

DEAREST FRIEND,—I should have written to you long ago, but I delayed from time to time, because I would not write till I had seen Goethe, for a glimpse of whom I had so longing a desire.

"For two months I walked past his house every day; but in vain. It was indeed a great delight to me even to see his daughter-in-law with her lovely children at the window; but I wanted to see Goethe himself. One Sunday I had been taking a walk; my way home lay at the back of Goethe's house, by his garden. The garden gate stood open, and curiosity tempted me in. Goethe was not in the garden; but in a short time I saw his servant come in. I shut the garden gate for fear the man should see me.

"As I was thinking afterwards very sadly how all my endeavours to see Goethe had failed, I suddenly remarked another garden gate which likewise stood open; and as I entered at it I soon perceived that this was the neighbour's garden, the wall of which abutted on Goethe's, so that the walks of both were clearly to be seen from it. The circumstance was so propitious that I suddenly took courage, and asked the man to whom this house belonged, whether Goethe often walked in his garden, and at what time of day? He answered, every day, when the weather was fine: the hour, however, was not always the same—that often at ten o'clock, if the sun was out, the *Geheimrath* (Privy Councillor) was there; but that about noon, especially, he loved to be in his garden. The old gentleman held, as it seemed, with the hottest of the sunshine.

"Hereupon I questioned the good neighbour further, to see how he stood disposed, and whether he would give me permission to visit his garden daily for half an hour, that I might see and watch the great poet—the man whom I so deeply revered.

"He answered me, quite indifferently, "Why not?—he could have no objection." It is, however, wonderful, dear friend, that people must pay a guinea to see a tiger, a bear, or a wild cat, while the sight of a Great Man, the rarest thing of the world, is to be had for nothing! I went home full of joy, and that night could not close my eyes.

"It seemed to me as if I, little dwarf as I was, had suddenly, through this hope of seeing a Great Man, grown a hand's breadth at least. The morning I thought would never come; the night seemed to me as long as a week, and longer. At length day broke, and brought the loveliest spring weather. When I saw the sunshine, I thought—this is a fine day for Goethe; and I was not mistaken.

"It was past ten when I reached the garden. He was there already, walking up and down. My heart beat violently. When I saw him, I thought I beheld Faust and Gretchen in one person, at once so gentle and so majestic did he look! I had my eyes ever fixed on him, that I might stamp his features well on my heart. And thus did I look at him a whole hour by the clock, with keen unaverted eyes, without his being once aware of me, by which, indeed, he lost nothing. When I had thus, as it were, lost myself in him, he gave me the slip, and went into the house again, and up stairs into his study, which is quite separate, with windows looking into a back court.

"Dearest friend, be well assured, Goethe's greatness manifests itself in his whole form and aspect. He is still hale and active as a man of forty. His majestic gait, his straight and lofty forehead, the noble form of his head, his fiery eye, arched nose—all about him cries aloud, Faust, Margaret, Götz, Iphigenia, Tasso, and I know not what besides. Never did I see so handsome and vigorous a man of so advanced an age.

"I see him, when the weather is fine, daily in his garden; and that is as great a delight and amusement to me as it is to others to look at busts, and fine pictures, and beautiful engravings. You may

believe me or not, as you please; but when I tell you that I had rather see him than all the engravings and pictures in the world, I tell you only the pure and naked truth.

He usually goes up and down the garden walks with slow steps, without sitting; but often stops over against some plant or flower, and stands still, for half an hour at a time, observing or meditating. Could I but guess his thoughts and discourse with himself at such moments. Then, when he turns away from the plants and flowers, he sometimes goes to play with his sweet grandchildren.

I speak with Goethe through my eyes, though he sees me not; for I stand behind a hedge, hidden from him by the bushes. This all sounds very strange and romantic, but it is truly thus. And, indeed, this is it well, and better than if I had really seen him and spoken with him,—I well know why. For suppose he condescended to talk with me, what in all the world could a boy of sixteen, like me, be to him in conversation? He talk to me! He has something better to do, indeed!

O, my most honoured friend, if you were but here for once, in the garden, and by my side! How happy shall I be when it is really spring, when the buds burst! Then will I diligently watch Goethe's conversation with the flowers, and the birds, and the light, in his nearer intercourse with nature; and I will write you all that I know about it, and all that I can so much as guess.

Yours, &c.

### THE WEEK.

From Wednesday the 1st, to Tuesday the 7th of October.

As flowers are now leaving us, we continue to make much of the trees. Not that we are insensible to the merits of such flowers as are left us. On the contrary, we value them more than ever; that is to say, if ever we can value at one time more than another the "rounds of the ardent marygolds," and the "most genteel nasturtium" (as an Italian would call it), shewing its cups of refined fire amidst its drapery of curious leaves. Nasturtium is an "original" among flowers, and its elegance is equal to its peculiarity. There is a refinement in it throughout—in its colour, its leaves, and its taste. This is the flower which Linnaeus's daughter discovered to emit sparks of fire on warm summer evenings. Then there is the amaranth, yellow and purple, the latter powdered with gold; and, above all, the dahlia—the splendid stranger, unknown to our ancestors, making, with its varieties, a garden by itself, the very sunset of the declining year. We are sorry we could not avail ourselves of a second opportunity, and see the magnificent shew of it, last Wednesday, at the Surrey Zoological Gardens; but we saw it in our mind's eye, and most magnificent it was.

The renewal of our acquaintance with Evelyn's "Silva" has made it impossible to us to resist giving another passage from that reverend and enthusiastic work, in which he does

#### HONOUR TO THE TREES.

[The passage we have marked in *Italics* would have done honour to any poet.]

The poets thought of no other heaven upon earth or elsewhere; for when Anchises was setting forth the felicity of the other life to his son, the most lively description he could make of it was to tell him

— *Lucis habitamus opacis,*  
— *We dwell in shady groves.*

And when Æneas had travelled so far to find those happy abodes,

*Devener locos latos, et amena virtu  
Fortunatorum nemorum, sedesque beatas.*

They came to groves of happy souls the rest,  
To evergreens, the dwellings of the blest.

Such a prospect has Virgil given us of his Elysium; and therefore wise and great persons had always there sweet opportunities of recess, their *Domos Silvae* (Houses in the Wood), as we read (Kings vii. 2), which were thence called Houses of Royal Refreshment; or, as the Septuagint *Oîkes ðrûmæ*, not much unlike the lodges in divers of our noblemen's parks and forest-walks; which reminds me of his choice in another poem.

— *Pallas ques condidit arcis*  
*Ipsa colat; nobis placeant ante omnia Sylvæ.*  
In lofty towers let Pallas take her rest,  
Whilst shady groves 'bove all things please us best.

And for the same reason Mecenas,  
Maluit umbrosam querum—

— *Chose the broad oak.*

And as Horace bespeaks them,

— *Me gelidum nemus  
Nymphae que leves cum Satyris Chori  
Sacerdotum populo—*

We the cool woods above the rest advance,  
Where the rough Satyrs with the light Nymphs  
dance.

And Virgil again,

— *Nostra nec erubuit Silvas habitare Thalia.  
Our sweet Thalia loves, nor does she scorn  
To hunt umbrageous groves.*

Or as thus expressed by Petrarch,

— *Silva placet Musis, urbs est inimica poetis.*

— *The muse herself enjoys  
Best in the woods: Verse flies the citie noise.*

So true is that of yet as noble a poet of our own;

As well might corn as verse in cities grow,  
In vain the thankless glebe we plough and sow;  
Against th' unnatural soil in vain we strive:  
'Tis not a ground in which these plants will thrive.

Couley.

When it seems they will bear nothing but nettles and thorns of Satire, and, as Juvenal says, by *Indignation* too; and therefore almost all the poets, except those who were not able to eat bread without the bounty of great men, that is, without what they could get by flattering them (which was Homer and Pindar's case) have not only withdrawn themselves from the vices and vanities of the great world, into the innocent felicities of gardens, and groves, and retirement, but have also commended and adorned nothing so much in their never-dying poems. Here then is the true Parnassus, Castalia, and the Muses; and at every call in a grove of venerable oaks, methinks I hear the answer of an hundred old Druids, and the bards of our inspired ancestors.

In a word, so charmed were poets with those natural shades, especially that of the Platonic, that they honoured temples with the names of groves, though they had not a tree about them. Nay, sometimes one stately tree alone was so revered: and of such an one there is mention of an inscription in a garden at Rome, where there was a temple built under a spreading beech-tree, sacred to Jupiter, under the name of *Fagutalis*.

Innumerable are the testimonies I might produce in behalf of groves and woods out of the poets, Virgil, Gratius, Ovid, Horace, Claudian, Statius, Silius, and others of later times, especially the divine Petrarch (for *Scriptorum chorus omnis amet nemus*), were I minded to swell this charming subject beyond the limits of a chapter. I think only to take notice that theatrical representations, such as were those of the Ionian, called Andria, the scenes of pastorals, and the like innocent rural entertainments, were of old adorned and trimmed up *è ramis et frondibus, cum racemis et corymbis*, and frequently represented in groves, as the learned Scaliger shews. Here the most beloved and coy mistress of Apollo rooted; and in the walks and shades of trees the noblest raptures have been conceived, and poets have composed verses which have animated men to heroic and glorious actions. Here orators, as we have shewed, have made their panegyrics, historians grave relations, and the profound philosophers have loved here to pass their lives in repose and contemplation.

Nor were the groves thus frequented by the great scholars and the great wits only, but by the greatest statesmen and politicians also. Thence that of Cicero, speaking of Plato with Clinius and Megillus, who were used to discourse *de Rerum publicarum institutionis, et optimis legibus*, in the groves of cypress and other umbrageous recesses. It was under vast oak, growing in the park of St. Vincent, near Paris, that St. Louis was used to hear complaints, determine causes, and do justice to such as resorted thither. And we read of a solemn treaty of peace held under a flourishing elm between Gisors and Treves, which was afterwards felled by the French King Philip in a rage against Henry II, for not agreeing to it. Nay, they have been sometimes known to crown their kings under a goodlie tree, or in some venerable grove, where they had their stations and conventions; for so they chose Abimaleck.—See Tostatus upon Judg. ix. 6.

The Athenians were wont to consult of their gravest matters and public concerns in groves. Famous for those assemblies were the Ceraunian, and at Rome, the Lucus Petelinus, the Falentinus, and others, in which there was held that renowned parliament after the defeat of the Gauls by M. Pomilius; for it was supposed that in places so sacred

they would faithfully and religiously observe what was concluded amongst them:

In such green palaces the first kings reign'd,  
Slept in their shades and angels entertained:  
With such old counsellor they did advise,  
And by frequenting sacred groves grew wise.  
Free from th' impediments of light and noise,  
Man then retir'd, his nobler thoughts employs.

Waller.

As our excellent poet has described it.

Our blessed Saviour, as we shall shew, chose the garden sometimes for his oratory—and dying, for the place of his sepulchre; and we do avouch for many weighty causes that there are no places more fit to bury our dead in than our gardens and groves, or airy fields, *sub dio*, where our beds may be decked and carpeted with verdant and fragrant flowers, trees, and perennial plants, the most natural and instinctive hieroglyphics of our expected resurrection and immortality; besides what they might conduce to the meditation of the living, and the taking of our cogitations from dwelling too intently upon more vain and sensual objects; that custom of burying in churches, and near about them (especially in great and populous cities,) being a novel presumption, indecent, sordid, and very prejudicial to health; for which I am sorry it is become so customary. Graves and sepulchres were, of old, made and erected by the sides of the most frequented high-ways, which being many of them magnificent structures and mausoleums, adorned with statues and inscriptions (planted about with cypress and other evergreens, and kept in repair), were not only graceful, but a noble and useful entertainment to the travellers, putting them in mind of the virtues and glorious actions of the persons buried; of which, I think my lord Verulam has somewhere spoken. However, there was certainly no permission for any to be buried within the walls of Rome, almost from the very foundation of it; for so was the *Sanctum XII. Tab. In Urbe ne SEPELITO NEVE. Urto*, "Neither to bury or burn the dead in the city;" and when long after they began to violate the law, Antoninus Pius and the emperor succeeding did again prohibit it. All we meet of ancient to the contrary, is the tomb of Cestius the Epulon, which is a thick clumsy pyramid yet standing, *nec in Urbe, nec in Orbe*, as it were, but half *in*, and half *without* the wall. If then it were counted a thing so profane to bury in the cities, much less would they have permitted it in their temples; nor was it in use among Christians, who, in the primitive ages, had no particular Cemeteries; but when (not long after) it was indulged, it was to martyrs only *ad limina*, and in the porches, even to the deposita of the apostles themselves. Princes, indeed, and other illustrious persons, founders of churches, &c. had sometimes their dormitories near the Basilicae and cathedrals, a little before St. Augustine's time, as appears by his book, *De Cure pro Mortuis*, and the concession was not easily obtained. Constantine, son to the great Constantine himself, did not, without leave, inhumate his royal father in the church porch of that august fabrie, though built by that famous emperor: and yet after this, other great persons placed their sepulchres no nearer than towards the church walls, whilst in the body of the church, they presumed no further for a long time after, as may be proved from the Capitula of Charlemagne; nor hardly in the city till the time of Gregory the Great; and when connived at, it was complained of. We find it forbidden (as to churches) by the emperors Gratian, Valentinian and Theodosius; and so in the code, where the sanction runs thus: *Nemo Apostolorum vel Martyrum Seden humani corporibus existimet esse concessam, &c.* And now, after all this, would it not raise our indignation to see so many extortions, luxurious, profane, and very mean persons, without merit, not only affecting, but permitted to lay their carcases, not in the nave and body of the church only, but in the very chancel, next the communion table, ripping up the pavements, removing the seats, &c. for some little gratification of those who should have more respect to decency at least, if for no other!

The fields, the mountains, the high-way sides and gardens, were thought honourable enough for those funeral purposes. Abraham and the patriarchs (as we have shewed) had their caves and crypte in the fields, set about with trees. The kings of Judah had their sepulchres in their palaces, and not in the sanctuary and temple: and our most blessed Saviour's sepulchre was in a garden, which indeed seems to be most proper and eligible, as we have already shewed: not even to this day do the Greek and Eastern Christians bury in churches, as is well known.

The late elegant and accomplished Sir W. Temple, though he laid not his whole body in his garden, deposited the better part of it, his heart, there; and if my executors will gratify me in what I have desired, I wish my corpse may be interred as I have bespoken; not at all out of singularity or want of a dormitory (of which there is an ample one annexed to the parish church), but for other reasons not here necessary to trouble the reader with, what I have said

in general being sufficient. However, let them order it as they think fit, so it be not in the church or chancel.

Plato, as we noted, permitted trees to be planted over sepulchres, to obumbrate the departed; but with better reason we adorn their graves with flowers and redolent plants, just emblems of the life of man, which has been compared in Holy Scripture to those fading beauties, whose roots being buried in dishonour, rise again in glory.

Of this kind, and the like antiquity, we could multiply instances; nor is the custom yet altogether extinct in my own native country of Surrey, and near my dwelling, where the maidens yearly plant and deck the graves of their dead sweethearts with rosebushes, of which I have given account in the learned Mr Gibson's edition of *Camden*; and for the rest, see Mr Sumner's "Of Garden Burial," and the learned Dr Cave's *Primitive Christianity*.

At Ockley, in Surrey, there is a certain custom, observed time out of mind, of planting rose-trees upon the graves, especially by the young men and maidens who have lost their lovers, so that this church-yard is now full of them. It is the more remarkable, because we may observe it to have been anciently used both among the Greeks and Romans, who were so very religious in it that we find it often annexed as a codicil to their wills, as appears by an old inscription at Ravenna, and another at Milan, by which they ordered roses to be yearly strewed and planted upon their graves. Hence that of Propertius, Lib. I. El. 2., implying the usage of breathing amidst roses, "Et teneri peneret ossa rosa;" and old Anacreon, speaking of it, says that it does *verposis & pueris*—protect the dead.

*Camd. Brit.* vol. i., p. 236.

It is the universal practice in South Wales to strew roses and all kinds of flowers over the graves of their departed friends. Shakespeare has put the following lines into the mouth of a young prince, who had been educated, under the care of a supposed shepherd, in that part of the island:—

With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave. Thou shalt not lack  
The dower that's like thy face, pale Primrose; nor  
The azur'd Harebell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of Eglantine; which, not to slander,  
Outsweeten'd not thy breath.—*Cymbeline*.

#### THE BREWER.

He comes over-night to see to the sticks and coal; and just tastes how the old ale is, and pronounces it capital. He takes a crust and a half-pint or so, to recruit his strength against the next day's work. He looks out his candles and sees whether the malt be ready ground, and in the right place. If a careful man, he also fills his copper. He is generally a man of great fore-knowledge—anticipating over-night that he shall want something to eat *before breakfast* in the morning. He, therefore, takes a store of provisions and a bottle of the old ale, with the key of the brewery, to be in readiness.

The morning's work commences at two, and by the time you have arisen, he has *mashed down* the malt in *your* vessel, and the eating and drinking in *his own*! and is now ready for breakfast. After breakfast he lets off the wort, of which he tastes, to see how it is; and takes another pint of the old before luncheon. At luncheon he takes some cold meat and a little more of the old, and another pint between that time and dinner. Before dinner he inquires about the hops, and always advises you to have the highest in price. He generally gathers a short quantity—because (as he says) too much water spoils the beer. At dinner time the beer is ready to boil, and you are all in the fidgets lest he should let the copper boil over whilst trying another pint of the old. He has another at four o'clock, and another or two at supper.

The new beer having been set a working for the night, the next morning early the brewer is with you again to see that all is right; when he will call in two of his old cronies, Jack Drinkwater and Tom Hate nalt, to help him taste of the new. He will then ask for another pint of the old, and prepares for tunning, tasting of the new all the time, whilst you ejaculate to yourself inwardly, "I wonder how he finds room for both old and new."

A few days elapse, when he calls again to "hop down," and he takes his fee with another drop of the old, drinking your health at the same time, and wishing (you have no doubt conscientiously) that the new beer may be no worse than the old.

G. D.

#### AN EPISODE

FROM

#### ONE OF GOETHE'S UNTRANSLATED NOVELS.

[We are indebted for the following story to the kindness of a friend who is conversant with German, and with the writings of the illustrious author. It is not given us as one of his best, but under the just impression, that any production of so great a writer would not be unwelcome. Much of it is indeed not unworthy of him, but the conclusion is surely otherwise unless more was intended to come of it. A mistress so much in the habit of setting her will above her considerateness, would have made but a perilous wife.]

Two neighbour children, of considerable families, a boy and a girl, of proportionate ages for being one day man and wife, were brought up together in this pleasant prospect, and the parents on both sides rejoiced in their future union. But it was soon remarked that the project appeared to miscarry; a singular aversion discovering itself between these two excellent natures. Perhaps they were too much alike. Both self-subsistent, distinct in their wishes, firm in their purposes; each individually the beloved and honoured of their playmates; ever antagonists when met together, ever building up for themselves alone, ever mutually destroying where they crossed each other, not striving towards one goal, but ever contending for one vantage; thoroughly well-disposed and estimable, and only perverse, even mischievous, in regard to one another.

This wonderful relation showed itself already in their childish sports, showed itself with their growing years. And as it is common for boys to play at war, to divide themselves into parties, and give battle to each other; so, on one occasion, did the audacious spirited girl place herself at the head of a band, and fight with so much vigour and bitterness, that the opposite party must have been shamefully put to flight, had not her personal antagonist conducted himself with great bravery, and finally disarmed his enemy, and taken her prisoner. But even then she continued to defend herself so furiously, that to preserve his eyes, and, at the same time, do the fair foe no harm, he was obliged to pull the silk kerchief from his neck, and bind her hands with it behind her back.

This she never could forgive him; nay, she schemed and attempted so perseveringly in secret to do him mischief; that the parents, who had long had an eye on these strange vivacities, came to an explanation with each other, and resolved to part the two hostile beings, and renounce their favourite hopes.

The boy soon distinguished himself under his new circumstances. All kinds of instruction took effect on him. The wishes of his friends and his own inclination determined him to the military profession. Wherever he went he was loved and esteemed. His manful nature seemed to work only for the well-being and delight of others; and without being distinctly conscious of it, he was right glad at heart to have lost the only adversary nature had ever appointed him.

The girl, on the other hand, stepped at once into a new position. Her years, her increasing stature, and still more a certain inward feeling, withdrew her from the boisterous sports she had hitherto carried on in company of boys. On the whole, there seemed something wanting to her; there was nothing round her which would have been worth the hating; and lovable she had yet found no one.

A young man, older than her former neighbour antagonist, of rank, fortune, and consequence, a favourite in society, and sought after by women, fixed on her his exclusive regard. It was the first time that a friend, a lover, a servant, had made his court to her. The preference he gave her over many that were older, more advanced, with more show and pretension than herself, was highly gratifying to her. His attentions, at once constant and never importunate; his loyal support in divers unpleasant emergencies; his suit to her parents, explicit enough, yet quiet and only expectant,—for in fact she was still

very young;—all this prepossessed her in his favour; besides which, habit, and their external relations, already taken for granted by the world, contributed their share. She had so often been called bride, that in the end she took herself for such; and neither to herself nor to any other did it occur that further trial was necessary, when she exchanged rings with the individual who had so long passed for her bridegroom.

The quiet course which the whole affair had taken was not accelerated even by their betrothal. All was allowed on both sides to go on as heretofore; they rejoiced in their long joint existence, and were disposed to enjoy the present fair weather, as the vernal season of a future more earnest life.

Meanwhile the absent had cultivated himself at all points, had obtained meritorious promotion in his vocation, and came on leave of absence to visit his home. In a quite natural, yet strange manner, he again stood in the presence of his fair neighbour. She had latterly been entertaining none but friendly, bride-like, domestic sentiments; she was in harmony with all that surrounded her; she believed herself happy, and after a certain fashion actually was so. But now, for the first time after a great while, was something again opposed to her: it was not hateful; she was become incapable of hate; nay, the childish hatred, which, properly speaking, had been but a blind recognition of inward worth, expressed itself now in glad astonishment, delighted looks, obliging confessions, half willing, half unwilling, but irresistible approximation; and all this was mutual. A long separation gave occasion for long discourses. Even their former childish unreason served the now enlightened pair as an amusing remembrance; and it seemed to be regarded as a matter of necessity that they should atone at least for that mischievous hatred by all manner of kind attentions; should no longer leave their violent misunderstanding without openly expressed acknowledgment.

On the youth's side all this kept within the bounds of a wise moderation. His rank, his connexions, his pursuits, his ambition, found him such abundant employment, that he accepted the friendship of the fair bride as a grateful addition, without on that account regarding her with any personal views, or envying the bridegroom his possession; with whom he was furthermore on the best terms.

With her the case was very different. She seemed to herself awakened out of a dream. Contention with her young neighbour had been her earliest passion; and this violent contention had been, but under the form of antipathy, a violent, and as it were instinctive inclination. It even figured in her remembrance no otherwise than as though she had always loved him. She smiled at that hostile onset, sword in hand; she persuaded herself into a recollection of the pleasantest feelings, when he disarmed her; she imagined herself as having experienced the greatest bliss when he bound her; and all that she had attempted for the purpose of hurting and annoying him, now represented itself to her merely as a harmless expedient to attract his notice. She regretted that separation; she mourned the sleep into which she had fallen; she hated the stupid, dreamy habitude, through which she had realized so insignificant a bridegroom; she was perplexed, doubly perplexed, forward, backward, whichever way she viewed it.

Could any one have unravelled and taken part in her sentiments, which she kept entirely secret, he would not have been disposed to blame her: for in truth the bridegroom could not stand comparison with the neighbour for a moment, when one saw them together. If you could not refuse a certain trust to the one, the other excited your fullest confidence; if the one was an agreeable acquaintance, the other you wished for an associate; and if you thought of higher sympathies, of extraordinary accidents of fortune, there was ground to doubt of the one, where the other gave complete assurance. For such lineaments of character women have by instinct a peculiar tact; and they have reason, as well as opportunity, to cultivate it.

The more our lovely bride nourished such

thoughts in her secret heart, and the less that any one was in a condition to urge what could tell to the bridegroom's advantage, what propriety, what duty seemed to counsel and command, nay, what an unalterable necessity seemed to exact beyond recall; so much the more did the tender heart indulge its partiality; and while, on the one hand, world, family, bridegroom, her own promise, were so many ties of indissoluble obligation; on the other, the aspiring youth made no secret of his thoughts, plans, and prospects, but conducted himself towards her as a faithful and never once-tender brother; and now there was even a talk of his immediate departure. Such being the posture of affairs, it seemed as though the spirit of her early childhood again awoke in her with all its splenetic violence, and now, on a higher stage angrily prepared itself for working to more serious and destructive purpose. She resolved on dying, to punish the once hated and now so violently loved, for his want of sympathy: since she could not possess him, at least she would marry herself to his imagination, to his repentance, for ever. He should never be delivered from her dead image, should never cease to reproach himself that he had not recognised her sentiments, had not investigated and appreciated them.\*

This singular phrenzy accompanied her wherever she went. She concealed it under all sorts of forms, and although people perceived something singular about her, no one was attentive or discerning enough to discover the real inward cause.

Meanwhile, friends, relations, acquaintances, busied themselves in contriving all manner of festivities. Scarcely a day passed that something new and unexpected was not struck out. Scarcely was there a lovely spot in the province that had not been decorated and prepared for the reception of many joyous guests. Our young wayfarer also wished, before his departure, to perform his part, and invited the young pair, with an intimate family circle, to a pleasure excursion on the water. The party went on board a large, fine, richly ornamented vessel, one of those yachts that offer the accommodation of a small parlour and several rooms, and pretend to carry, on water, the conveniences of land.

Away they sailed, with music, up the broad river. The company, during the mid-day heat, had assembled below to amuse themselves with games of chance and skill. The young host, who never could remain inactive, had placed himself at the helm to relieve the old skipper, who, on his side, was gone to sleep; and just at that particular time our steersman, his substitute, needed all his caution, as he neared a place where two islands shortened the bed of the river, protruding their flat, gravel shores, now on this side, now on that, preparing a dangerous passage. The careful and attentive steersman was almost tempted to awake the master, but he trusted in himself, and bore towards the strait. In the same moment his fair enemy appeared on deck with a flower-garland on her hair. She took it off, and cast it towards the steersman. "Take this," she cried, "for a remembrance." "Do not disturb me," he called back to her, while he picked up the garland; "I have need of all my strength and attention." "I will disturb thee no further," she cried; "thou seest me for the last time!" So saying, she hastened to the fore deck of the ship, and sprang from thence into the water. Several voices called out "Help, help! she is drowning!" He was in the dreadfiest perplexity. At the noise awoke the old skipper; he seized the rudder; the younger resigned it to him; but it was no longer time for changing masters: the ship stranded, and, in the same instant, casting off the most cumbersome of his garments, he plunged into the water, and swam after his fair enemy.

The water is a friendly element for him who is acquainted with it, and knows how to manage it. It bore him up; and the skilful swimmer used it with mastery. He had soon reached the beauty that drifted before him; he caught hold of her, managed to

raise her up, and carry her; both were violently swept along by the current till the islands and quicksands were left behind, and the river again began to flow broad and slow. And now he collected himself, and recovered from that first feeling of a pressing necessity, under the influence of which he had acted, without reflection, merely mechanically. He looked about with upraised head, and swam with all his might towards a level bushy spot, which ran out, pleasantly and commodiously, into the river. There he brought his fair prize on dry land; but no breath of life was to be traced in her. Despairing, his eyes lighted on a foot-path, leading through the thicket. He loaded himself with the dear burden anew; he soon descried, and reached a solitary dwelling. There he found worthy people, a young married pair. The mischance, the extremity of the case, declared itself in a moment. A bright fire burned; woolen coverlets were laid on a bed; furs, fleeces, whatever warm thing was in the house, were quickly brought. Nothing was left undone to call the fair, half-naked, half-naked body back into life. It succeeded. She unclosed her eyes; she espied her friend; she embraced his neck with her heavenly arms. In this position she remained a long time. A stream of tears gushed from her eyes, and completed her cure. "Wilt thou leave me," she exclaimed, "when I thus find thee again?" "Never," he cried; "never!" and he knew not what he said or did. "But spare thyself," he added; "spare thyself! Have consideration on thyself, for thine own sake and mine."

She now collected herself, and remarked for the first time the condition she was in. She could not be ashamed before her darling, her saviour; but she willingly let him go, that he might look after himself; for the clothes he had on were still drenched and dripping.

The young couple consulted with each other. He presented the youth, and she the lady, with their respective wedding apparel, which still hung there all complete, equipping them in right bridal fashion from head to foot. In a short time our two adventurers were not merely clothed, but full dressed. They looked quite charmingly; they stared at each other when they came together: and, with excessive emotion, yet unable to help a sort of glad laughter at their masquerade, fell passionately into each others' arms. Youth, health, and love, made it seem as if they had undergone no danger, no anguish.

To have passed from water to earth, from death to life, out of the family circle into a wilderness, out of despair into extacy, out of indifference into inclination and passion, all in an instant, — the mere head would not have been adequate to comprehend it, or to endure it. In such case the heart must do its best, that so great a surprise may be borne.

Quite lost in one another, it was some time before they could bring themselves to think of the anxiety, the cares of those they had left behind; and hardly could they themselves think without anxiety of the manner in which they should again meet them. "Shall we fly—shall we hide ourselves?" said the youth. "We will remain together," said she, hanging about his neck.

The countryman, who had heard the story of the stranded boat, hastened without further question towards the shore. The vessel came safely sailing along; it had been with much trouble got loose. They proceeded on at a venture, in hope of again finding the lost ones. When the countryman had with cries and signs attracted the notice of those on board, he ran to a point where an advantageous landing-place presented itself, and ceased not making signals and calling out, till the vessel turned in towards the shore; and what a spectacle was it when they landed! The parents of the two lovers pressed first to the shore. The loving bridegroom had well nigh lost his wits. Scarcely had they heard that the dear children were in safety, when they, in their strange masquerade, slipped, as it were, out of their coppice. No one recognised them, until they were close at hand. "What do I see!" cried the mothers. "What do

I see!" cried the fathers. The saved cast themselves on their knees before them. "Your children!" exclaimed the pair. "Pardon!" cried the damsel. "Give us your blessing!" cried the youth. "Give us your blessing!" cried both, while the spectators all remain mute in astonishment. "Your blessing!" resounded for the third time, and who could have refused it?

#### DR JOHNSON'S FATHER.

The following curious memorandum is from a new provincial magazine, published at Worcester, and entitled the *Analyst*. We are heartily glad to see such a publication, and congratulate it on the great improvement manifested in its second number.

Dr Johnson's father seems to have been "a good fellow;" and as for that matter, so was his illustrious son, for all his dogmatical ways. The document before us, even though upon a matter of business, is full of *bon homie*. And what renders it more interesting, is, that you see in it some evidences of the tracks of reading that helped to influence the character of his son. Sons, in truth, are made up, more or less, of the character of their parents and other predecessors, with ulterior modifications, of course; but still always with an indelible reference to those first causes. *A book on the parental relationships of men of genius is a desideratum.* It would be an addition, not merely to the curiosities of biography, but to the groundworks of moral and social knowledge.

The father of Dr Samuel Johnson, the celebrated Lexicographer, it is well known, in early life, kept a book-stall in Lichfield, and attended on market days, as was then customary, the neighbouring towns. There was, a few years ago, a copy of one his original sale catalogues, in the possession of Thomas Fennyhough, Esq. of Peterborough, from which the following title of the catalogue, and Mr Johnson's address to his customers, are extracted:—

"A Catalogue of choice Books in all Faculties, Divinity, History, Travels, Law, Physic, Mathematics, Philosophy, Poetry, &c. together with Bibles, Common Prayers, Shop Books, Pocket-books, &c. also fine French Prints for Staircases and large Chimney Pieces, Maps, large and small. To be sold by Auction, or he who bids most, at the Talbot in Sidbury, Worcester, the sale to begin on Friday, the twenty-first this instant March, exactly at six in the afternoon, and continue till all be sold. Catalogues are given out at the place of sale, or by Michael Johnson, of Lichfield.

#### "CONDITIONS OF SALE."

"I. That he who bids most is the buyer, but if any difference arise which the company cannot decide, the book or books to be put to sale again.

"II. That all the books, for aught we know, are perfect; but if any appear otherwise before taken away, the buyer to have the choice of taking or leaving them.

"III. That no person advance less than 6d. each bidding, after any book comes to 10s. nor put in any book or set of books under half value.

"\* \* \* Note.—Any gentleman that cannot attend may send his orders, and they shall be faithfully executed.

"Printed for Mieh. Johnson, 1717-18.

"To all Gentlemen, Ladies, and others, in and near Worcester. I have had several auctions in your neighbourhood, as Gloucester, Tewkesbury, Evesham, &c. with success, and am now to address myself, and try my fortune with you. You must not wonder that I begin every day's sale with small and common books; the reason is, a room is sometimes a-filling, and persons of address and business, seldom coming fast, they are entertained till we are full; they are ever the last books of the best kind of that sort, for ordinary families and young persons, &c. But in the body of the Catalogue you will find Law, Mathematics, History, and for the learned in Divinity, there are Drs South, Taylor, Tillotson, Beveridge, and Flavel, &c. the best of that kind; and to please the Ladies I have added store of fine pictures and paper hangings; and by the way I would desire them to take notice that the pictures shall always be put up by noon of that day they are to be sold, that they may be viewed by daylight. I have no more but to wish you pleased, and myself a good sale, who am,

"Your humble servant,

"M. JOHNSON."

\* These impulses, which are painted with great truth, are surely very unamiable, and do not warrant the air of prospective comfort and security given to the end of the story.—ED.

## POISONING AT A FEAST.

In the following extract, the simultaneous progress of the courtly feasting and deathly sin are mingled and contrasted in so skilful a manner, that its necessary length has not deterred us from introducing it to our readers.

Sigismund Augustus, King of Poland and Grand Duke of Lithuania, had married Barbara Radziwill, a Lithuanian lady, much against the approbation of a great part of his Polish subjects; still more against the wishes of his mother, Bona Sforza, a sort of inferior Catherine de Medicis. He manages, however, to quiet all opposition, and she becomes the crowned Queen of Poland. A young friend of hers is to be betrothed to a nobleman in her suite, and the new Queen and the King interest themselves greatly in the ceremony. An old noble, Peter Kmita, Grand Marshal, originally one of the Queen's severest opposers, but now quite reconciled to his mistress, shews his friendly zeal by begging that the entertainment to be made on the occasion may be permitted to take place at his castle; and, accordingly, he has the honour of receiving the young couple and their royal friends.

A banquet is laid out in the hall, and the servants are in waiting; the pages are expecting their high-born masters and mistresses. Among the latter is young Lacki, a youth who had formerly, at the peril of his life, saved the young Queen from the fury of aurochs, or bison. Since then he has concealed a hopeless and most respectful passion for her, and is now, to his great grief, about to be removed to a higher post than the loved office of cup-bearer to his honoured mistress. While these people are still waiting, a fellow, a discarded servant of old Kmita (the master of the castle), now belonging to the Queen-mother, is observed officiously bustling about the hall. He is notorious rascal; and Kmita coming into the hall, orders his willing servants to turn him out. The fellow first bullies, then begs to whisper a word to the Grand Marshal. Kmita listens, looks sorely displeased, but molests him no more. The guests enter, and the feast begins.

The company entered the banqueting hall, preceded by the Seneschal of Kmita's household, who held uplifted his ebony staff, ornamented with a silver head. Queen Barbara advanced with the King on her right hand, and on her left Kmita, on whose arm she was slightly leaning. Immediately after her came the Queen-mother, between the Duke of Prussia and the Court Marshal Firley; the Princess of Mazovia was conducted by the Duke of Pomerania, and her daughter by the Prince of Brandenberg, and by her betrothed, the Starost of Samborz. The rest of the company proceeded according to their respective ranks. The Bishop of Cracow, in whose diocese the castle of Wisnietz was situated, said grace, and the guests sat down in the order of precedence in which they entered. When the first course was over, the curtains which concealed the ornamental dishes were withdrawn at a signal from the master of the house, and displayed a great number of sugar ornaments and sweetmeats, arranged in form of different animals, towers, trees, &c. every one having either the initials of Sigismund Augustus and Barbara, or the arms of Poland and Lithuania. Before each of the royal and princely personages was placed a basket wrought in gold, and filled with little slices of bread, and a similar one of silver, for every four of the other guests. The most distinguished of the company had napkins of gold and silver brocade, and the others of silk, all which became after the repast the property of the attendants, according to the custom of the time. At the commencement of the dinner, when the first dish was presented to the King, the Grand Marshal, who stood behind the chair of his master, took the golden dish from the hands of his Seneschal, and dipped into it a bit of bread, which, having tasted, he cast it into a large silver basket, held by a servant, and with a deep obeisance presented it to the King. Some noblemen belonging to his household performed the same service for the Queens. When Sigismund Augustus had finished eating, the Grand Marshal took a richly wrought cup, poured a little of its contents into the hollow of his hand, tasted it, and after having wiped his hand, presented the cup to the monarch. Whilst the King was drinking all the company arose from their places, but reseated themselves immediately after, except Kmita, who continued standing. The Queen and the other ladies declined the cups, conformably to the custom, which, at that time, permitted them to drink only pure water and a decoction of orange-flowers or chicory, except at toasts, when

was allowed them to sip a little Malmsey. The King then begged the master of the house to give himself no more trouble, but to partake of the meals he had provided for his guests. This was a sign that etiquette should be no longer observed, and an invitation to convivial mirth and hilarity.

When Kmita, following the monarch's command, took a place opposite to him, the restraint which till now had pervaded the assembly began to disappear, and many a jest was heard between the clattering of bowls and dishes. Even the Queen-mother seemed to partake of the general hilarity that reigned at the table, and lent herself with apparent good humour to the lively conversation which the King endeavoured to maintain; she even addressed herself sometimes to Barbara; and the King, whose heart was always open to every kind of feeling, began to cherish the hope that time, necessity, and habit, would overcome by degrees the animosity which embittered his domestic happiness. The young Queen partook less of this agreeable illusion, for women do not easily deceive their own sex; she would not, however, destroy the delusive joy in which she saw that her husband was indulging himself, and answered Bona's address with animation and courtesy.

"We pity the ladies," said Sigismund Augustus, after the conversation had lasted some time, "that they are obliged to forego the best seasoning of a cheerful repast, the most powerful enemy to care and anxiety, one which shews the character in its true light, and banishes all grief from the oppressed soul. *Corpo di Bacchus!* our lady queen resembles not in this respect the ladies of her ancestors, who, till the time of Wladislaw Jagellon, quaffed at the festivals of Lada horns filled with mead, as well as their fathers and brothers." "And even were it the custom now, I could no longer follow it," answered Barbara, laughing, "since through the affection of my sovereign and spouse I have lately become a Polish woman by name, though I have long been so in my heart. The Polish ladies despise the gifts of Bacchus, as we have now proof in the example of the first among them, her majesty our lady mother, and our princely cousins." "Oh, you must not speak of our little cousin Helena," exclaimed Sigismund Augustus; "she has now to do with another duty, and a more dangerous one, too, than that which lurks in this cup, which I will empty in silence to her welfare." "Your majesty anticipates us," interrupted Bona: "it is not yet time for the *Viebat*, and we will join in it also to honour the young lady of Podolia." "My royal lord," said Helena, bowing, "if I should express the feeling of my heart by drinking, I might easily fall into a suspicion of ingratitude; but if your majesty commands, I shall do my best, if my mother will permit my doing to day a thing so unusual." "You are leaving to day in some respects my jurisdiction," answered the Princess of Mazovia, in a manner sufficient to damp the real or apparent hilarity which reigned in the assembly; "so you are entitled to make any use of your new liberty which seems good, either to you, or to those who had graciously offered to take my place with you." Barbara perceived a light cloud on the brow of her husband, and exclaimed in a merry tone, "We must not permit our excellent host to suppose we have slighted his liquors, and the lady of Podolia will forgive her daughter if she follows the example given by the queens. Is it not true, my lord duke," said she, addressing the Duke of Prussia, "that in your country the ladies entirely abandon to the gentlemen the worshipping of Bacchus, as we do in Poland?" "Your majesty is right," answered Albert of Brandenberg, with great courtesy; "in our country also the ladies devote themselves only to the service of the powerful deity of love, though perhaps his shafts are not so sharply pointed as they are in this country, whilst we are often obliged to invoke the assistance of the other deity, in order to gain resolution for supporting the cares of life." The conversation continued in the same strain; many compliments were exchanged among the company, of which the betrothed lovers and the young Lacki received their full share. The bravery of the page was mentioned in the most honourable manner, and the king, as well as the young queen, frequently expressed to him, by flattering allusions, that it was for the last time he now performed his present office, and that he should be immediately exalted to a higher rank, as a reward of the repeated proofs of his fidelity. Meanwhile the banquet drew nearly to a close, the dessert was placed on the table, and the moment arrived when the solemn toasts were to be pledged. Kmita arose from his seat, in order himself to present the great cup to the monarch; the seneschal lifted his staff, the trumpeters prepared themselves for the mighty blast which was to be sounded when the king should approach the cup to his lips, and the pages kept themselves in readiness to fulfill the orders of the ladies. Barbara turned to Lacki, and said, "Sir Lacki, may it please you to take this trouble once more, it is the last time that you will have to serve us in this capacity."

The pages hastily passed into the room where the sideboards were placed, in order to fill the goblets destined for the use of the ladies. Stanislaw Lacki was going to pour the contents of the flask he had

guarded with so much care into the little cup we have described, after having first carefully wiped it with a fine clean linen. The golden drops were already sparkling on the glittering metal, when on a sudden he felt himself pushed so violently that a part of the costly liquor, contained in the cup, he held in his hand was spilt on the ground. He looked angrily around, and saw standing before him the very man whom Kmita had been on the point of treating in so unceremonious a manner; he appeared quite unconcerned, and instead of making the slightest excuse to the page for his awkwardness, he stared on him with an air of stupid insolence. Lacki was going to scold him for his impudent behaviour, when he addressed him in the following manner: "Ay, my pretty lordling, you make but a sorry cup-bearer; every one may see by the awkward manner in which you perform the service that you were not born for it. You high-born lordlings may understand how to drink, but to manage the cup handsomely is something quite different." The irritated page was going to answer this speech with a hard blow, and his comrades, attracted by the noise, were ready to join him in giving a good thrashing to Waclaw Siewrak, who seemed to be purposely created for that kind of amusement, when the first blast of the bugles resounded in the great hall, and all the pages hastened to their duty.

Waclaw Siewrak's assurance increased when he found himself left almost alone with Lacki, who holding fast his flask and cup, threatened him with words, and he exclaimed in a most insolent tone of voice, "Strike, only strike! it is nothing extraordinary that two servants are fighting with each other, and you wear a livery as well as I do." "Down, cur!" cried Lacki, "or thou shalt repent it." "What shall I repent?" retorted Siewrak, with a stammering voice, and drawing closer to the page; "for a fight with fists I am a match with every one, but your little sword is to-day out of the question; for it is royal peace, and I suppose you have no wish to lose your little white hand." The youth's anger now got the better of him; he set down the flask and cup which he held in his trembling hands, and accosting his boorish antagonist in a menacing attitude, said, "Beware, low-born knave, that I forget not that it is beneath a nobleman to bandy blows with such a mean scoundrel as thou art, and that I do not give thee a cut to match that red scar which is on thy ugly face, and one that will not be cured until thou art hanged." "I have told you once, high-born Sir Page, that cuts are to-day out of the question," replied the other; "we are not now amongst bushes, where a worthy lord's servant may catch anything of that, in a manner he himself knows not how. Only do your duty, and if you do not understand it let me teach it to you." And saying these last words, he stretched out his hand towards the little flask. His scar, and his mention of the bushes, brought back to Stanislaw's memory the affair in the gardens of Lobszow, and a sudden idea crossed his mind that he might be the same man that he had then cut over the face. He pushed back the impudent fellow with all his strength, and laid his hand upon his little sword; but before he was able to draw it, Siewrak overturned his flask, so that all its contents were spilt on the ground, and laughing aloud, he left the hall reeling, but quickening his steps as soon as he had passed the door. Lacki was so carried away by the desire of inflicting an exemplary punishment on the mean fellow who had taunted him, that he forgot his duty for a moment, and ran after him with his drawn sword; but the object of his wrath soon disappeared in the maze of the winding corridors.

It was with much trouble that the young Lacki found his way through the winding corridors to the room he had left; and when he had entered it all the attendants had disappeared, and the goblet of his royal mistress was gone. Vexed to the utmost by so untoward an event, and puzzled what to do, he approached the door of the banqueting hall, supposing that one of his fellow-pages was performing his neglected duty; but he saw that all the company, with goblets in their hands, were waiting for his queen, who stood without having a cup, and visibly surprised at his absence. How could he excuse the neglect of a duty which, as the queen had graciously signified to him, he was now performing for the last time. An idea flashed on his mind that all this rash behaviour of the apparently drunken fellow was nothing but an arranged trick to get possession of the cup entrusted to his care; he therefore returned once more to pursue the thief, in order to bring him with the cup, as the best means of excusing his negligence. He was now, however, no more fortunate than he had been before, and met with nobody in the intricate corridors through which he passed. The blasts of the bugles which resounded from the banqueting-hall bewildered him entirely, by the idea that they were waiting for him; he completely lost his way, and ran like a madman through many passages and staircases till he found himself in a gallery with a door at each end of it. He chose one of them at random, and entering it found himself in a little hall, which led to an apparently dark room by a door which was not quite closed.

He was going to open it, in hopes to find somebody who would set him right, when he heard two voices conversing in a foreign language. He stopped for a moment, and heard some very strange words uttered in Italian. "Make haste," said one of the voices, sounding hollow, as if out of a van, and trembling, as if the jaws of the speaker were chattering with cold: "Make haste, I say; it is cold here below as on the top of Etna; make haste, in the name of the devil, that I may return to the daylight." "Directly, directly," replied the other, who, judging by the sound, seemed to be nearer, and who till now was muttering something to himself, "have a little patience, if you wish me to count the drops. Seven, eight." "Eleven," said the first person; "eleven—not a single drop more nor less; this time it has succeeded well, and the old woman has provided the right thing, which she does not always do; but hasten to finish it, for who knows but this cursed page may come; your servant is a dolt, who does things only by halves, and it is cold here as in a grave." "Eight, nine, ten,"—continued the other.—"In the grave you will have it, perhaps, much warmer, my learned master." "Do you not hear something rustling, Assano? It sounds as if the sand on the pavement was pressed by some light footsteps." "Eleven." It sounded again. "Now it is ready, take it."

At this moment Stanislaw peeped into the dark room, and saw a withered trembling arm stretched from the cellar below, as if to receive something. "Your hand shakes so that you will spill it," said Assano, who was standing outside: "hasten, hasten, ere the page gets loose. Do you hear the blast of trumpets?" Saying this, he turned, and Lacki saw the cup of Barbara trembling in his hand. With one spring the page stood in the middle of the room close to the opening of the cellar, and the arm which had been stretched out from it immediately disappeared. He accosted in a bold manner the old man, who stared at him with a look glaring with fury, and said, "What are you doing, ye rake-hells?" "Wherefore have the evil stars led thee hither, thou son of misfortune? What dost thou seek here?" retorted Assano. "My queen's goblet!" exclaimed the youth: "that is it; give it me directly, or fear my sword!" "Fear thee, boy!" answered Assano, with rage and scorn; and having placed the goblet on the ground with his right hand, seized the page with his left, and pressed him with a gigantic force. Stanislaw sought in vain to make use of his weapon; in vain he struggled to free himself from the iron grasp of the hoary villain; he could only utter some words of complaint and threatening from his suffocating breast. A double edged knife glittered in the Neapolitan's hand, and it was instantly plunged up to the hilt in the bosom of the young Lacki, whose complaints died away in a low murmur, and the flush of anger which covered his cheeks turned into a deadly paleness. Still he whispered in a scarcely audible voice, "Farewell, Hippolyte! Barbara, farewell!" The eyes of the faithful Stanislaw closed in death, his tender limbs hung powerless in the clutch of the assassin, who bent over the lifeless body, and whispered in his ear, "Thou wert called Lacki, I think. Go then, and when thou seest thy father, tell him that thou also hast known Hassan, although half a century later than he!" "Blood! blood again!" resounded from the cellar, in an agonizing voice, "give, give it me quickly, for I cannot remain longer in this place of horror." "Take it, cowardly wretch," replied Assano; "this boy's death has greatly increased our recklessness." He then seized the still warm corpse by its flowing hair, and dragged it to the door of the cellar, and threw it into the deep pit.

Meanwhile Kmita pledged the usual toast— "The welfare of the king and of the royal family," and custom required that the monarch should answer it by pledging the health of the master of the house, and that of the senate and of the equestrian order; but Barbara was still waiting with increasing surprise for her goblet. The music played continually to fill the unexpected pause, and a large circle of distinguished personages closely surrounded the young queen, when an arm dressed in her colours, blue and silver, reached the long expected goblet out of the crowd. Barbara being in a great hurry, paid no attention to the person by whom it was presented; the bugles sounded a blast; the king expressed his thanks to the master of the house, and his wishes to him, to the senate, and to the equestrian order. The queen and his nephew Albert of Brandenburg joined him in these complimentary expressions; the bugles sounded again, and the cups were quaffed.

Other toasts followed during a quarter of an hour, when at last Sigismund proposed the health of the affianced couple, in which he was joined by every one, except the princess of Mazovia. Barbara arose from her seat and went up to the bride, who had just perceived with great anxiety that her betrothed had absented himself; she embraced Helena, expressing her cordial wishes for the happiness which she herself had so much promoted; when at that moment her arms suddenly lost their strength, and fell down powerless from the embrace; her head leaned on Helena's shoulder, and her discoloured lips whispered,

"Hold me, Helena, I am strangely unwell." The amazed bride exerted herself to support the swooning queen, when her mother accosted her, saying, "It seems that her Majesty is unwell; it is necessary to call for her women, who will understand how to take care of her better than you do." The crowd and the noise which reigned in the hall had for a moment prevented the king from seeing what had occurred to Barbara; but when Lucy Ostrorog, who hastened to the assistance of her mistress, burst out into a cry of terror, he flew to his beloved, and embracing, pressed her to his heart. "I am ill, my husband," said Barbara, in a whisper; "I feel myself very ill—ill unto death." Sigismund Augustus was plunged into the greatest consternation; his eye caught the grand marshal; but he saw on his countenance the unfeigned expression of astonishment and displeasure; he then cast down his eyes on her whom he held in his arms, as if afraid to direct a look of suspicion to another side.

### ARTHUR'S BEAT.

Dear hill, thou ever in my heart shalt rest  
Deeper than sleeps thy shadow in the lake  
In the dewy morning, ere the breeze doth wake  
The darkling ripple o'er its glossy breast;  
In memory's haunted mirror shalt thou dwell;  
Thine is the green—the daisy-sprinkled zone,  
The many-tinted ever-shifting throne  
Of gorgeous clouds—the playthings of the gale.  
Oh! not for these I love thee; thou art dear,  
Dearer than words can utter; that you woke  
All tender thought and feeling on this sod,  
The bright feet of the beautiful have trod,  
The blue-eyed maiden hath been straying here—  
Here the fair presence my heart's slumber broke.

J. C.

### A LONG DESIDERATUM, APPARENTLY WELL SUPPLIED.

[From the *Parterre*, a cheap and elegant new weekly publication, embellished with excellent wood-cuts. We are glad to echo the opinion expressed by the editor relative to Mr Guilford's fitness for his task, as manifested by the above extract.]

*The Beauties of Beaumont and Fletcher.* By Horace Guilford, Birmingham; Wrightson and Webb; and Simpkin and Marshall, London.—"Another batch of beauties!" exclaims some sour-featured critie, "there is no end to these mutilations of our best authors!" True, there have been many attempts to cull for the use of the indolent, or those who cannot read much for want of leisure, the beauties which abound in the works of our poets and dramatists. But by whom has this been performed? Generally by persons whose reason and judgment are far below the standard of those for whom they presume to select. It is not so with the compiler of this little tome: his writings shew him to be a gentleman of much good taste and sound judgment; and in this selection he has given additional evidence of the possession of both these qualities; but hear what he says for himself, and the motives which induced him to turn compiler.

"It was in the depth of the last winter night, when November and December were sailing by in all their paraphernalia of gloom, and rain, and wind,—when the fire-place surpasses the sun in warmth, and the clean hearth the meadows in beauty,—that I took up Beaumont and Fletcher in the evenings, deeming their volumes no incongruous accompaniments to the roaring of the storm, and the chuckling flame that went merrily up the old chimney.

"At first I contented myself with noting in pencil lines the parts that struck me by their grandeur, their pathos, and their wit, or by the fidelity and force with which they illustrated the tone and colouring of that gorgeous pageant of society, the *Elizabethan* and *Stuart* periods.

"These and similar passages, however, grew so rapidly on my hands, that I had recourse to a common-place book, and began right earnestly to transcribe each passage as it pleased me.

"Then it was, and while kindling with the splendid and endless procession of fine things which appeared and passed by, that I began to notice with disgust the foul unsightly creatures that mingled with them, and, in many places, almost obscured them.

"The most deliberate outrages upon delicacy, the most wanton exuberance of obscenity, unutterable abominations of language and conception, and an absolute wallowing in the sty of impurity, are all so interwoven with the several Plays, as to defy even the skill of a Bowdler himself, and must ever render the productions of Beaumont and Fletcher a sealed book, such as no father of a family could conscientiously put into the hands of his children.

"Such it might have remained for me, had I not been irresistibly impressed by the conviction, that there was by far too vast a preponderance of good to be overcome of evil.

"That conviction was the sole origin of this little publication; whether the cause was adequate or not those who read must decide. There were rubies and emeralds, and diamonds thick sown upon a cloth of frieze; I have ventured to pluck them away, with little care for their uncomely ground-work, and to wreath them into a carenet, which may sparkle before the purest eyes that ever shone in kindred rays."

Our readers will not hesitate to acknowledge, that he who could write thus was well qualified for the task he has so ably performed. "Horace Guilford" has, indeed—to borrow the motto from his title-page—heaped together

"Infinite riches in a little room."\*

\* *Mazovia's Jewel* of Malta.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Cordial thanks to the *Western Luminary* (Exeter).

S.'s letter unfortunately came too late for its purpose. But he surely need not regret it. Such an error would not be heeded amidst so much good matter. Correspondents are requested to bear in mind, that we must have their communications a fortnight before they can reckon with certainty upon our ability to give them attention. We are obliged to be considerably before-hand with our day of publication.

E. B. in our next. We are happy to have suggested some walks to him, and do hereby take them with him in imagination, whether in mud or meadow.

We have received a little volume by John and Mary Saunders, in which there are passages of true poetry. We shall take a speedy opportunity of giving it further notice.

H. B., who wrote the letter respecting Ghosts, wishes to say, "by way of postscript," that the following passage from Coleridge interprets his feelings on the subject more nearly than his letter appears to have done:—

*Ordonio.* Believe you then no supernatural influence?

Believe you not that spirits throng around us?

*Teresa.* Say rather that I have imagined it A possible thing;—and it has soothed my soul As other fancies have, but ne'er seduced me To traffic with the black and frenzied hope That the dead hear the voice of witch or wizard.

*Remorse*, act iii, sc. 1.

We shall probably have more than one occasion to notice the distinction which our Correspondent makes between Good Nature and Good Temper, and which certainly exists, though we are glad to see his fair friends think otherwise; for of course we are bound to construe their identification of the terms, on the charming side.

We have but just become aware of the lines by H. C. They shall receive the proper attention.

The *Kent Herald* says, that the heroine of a correspondent's ballad, entitled *Betty Bolaine*, which appeared in the *London Journal* a week or two back, was one of the "worthies of Canterbury," and that she left an immense property to one of the Prebendaries of the cathedral of that city.

An accident has obliged us to omit "The Romance of Real Life" intended for our present Number.

*Giving Pain.*—In the application of evil for the production of good, never let it be applied for the gratification of mere antipathy; never but as subservient to, and necessary for the only proper ends of punishment, the determent of others by example. In the interest of the offender, reformation is the great object to be aimed at; if this cannot be accomplished, seek to disable him from inflicting the like evil on himself and others. But always bear in mind the maxim which cannot be repeated too often:—Inflict as much and no more pain than is necessary to accomplish the purpose of benevolence. Create not evil greater than the evil you exclude.—*Bentham's Deontology*.

LONDON: Published by H. HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall East. From the Steam-Press of C. & W. REYNELL, Little Pulteney-street.